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Title *English Qads. 1908*

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*Bell's English Texts for Secondary Schools*

GENERAL EDITOR: A. GUTHKELCH

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# ENGLISH ODES

EDITED BY

E. A. J. MARSH



LONDON

GEORGE BELL & SONS

1908

GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

# ENGLISH ODES

## TO HIMSELF.

COME, leave the loathèd stage,  
And the more loathsome age;  
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,  
Usurp the chair of wit!  
Indicting and arraigning every day,  
Something they call a play.  
Let their fastidious, vain  
Commission of the brain  
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;  
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,  
And they will acorns eat;  
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste  
On such as have no taste;  
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,  
Whose appetites are dead!  
No, give them grains their fill,  
Husks, draff to drink and swill;  
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,  
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,  
Like Pericles, and stale  
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—  
Scraps, out of every dish  
Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub,  
May keep up the Play-club;  
There, sweepings do as well  
As the best-ordered meal;  
For who the relish of these guests will fit,  
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.



And much good do't you then ;  
 Brave plush and velvet men,  
 Can feed on orts ; and, safe in your stage-clothes,  
     Dare quit, upon your oaths,  
 The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers,  
     Of larding your large ears  
 With their foul comic socks,  
     Wrought upon twenty blocks ;  
 Which if they are torn, and turned, and patched enough  
 The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,  
 And take the Alcaic lute ;  
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre ;  
     Warm thee by Pindar's fire ;  
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold  
     Ere years have made thee old,  
 Strike that disdainful heat  
     Throughout, to their defeat,  
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,  
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing  
 The glories of thy King,  
 His zeal to God and his just awe o'er men ;  
     They may, blood-shaken then,  
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers  
     As they shall cry ' Like ours,  
     In sound of peace or wars,  
     No harp e'er hit the stars,  
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign ;  
 And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain.'

BEN JONSON.

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

### I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn  
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King  
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 3

For so the holy sages once did sing  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

### II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

### III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
bright?

### IV.

See how from far, upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessèd feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN.

### I.

It was the winter wild  
While the heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies;

Nature in awe to Him  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
    With her great Master so to sympathise;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
    To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
    The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;  
Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

## III.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
    She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere  
His ready harbinger,  
    With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

## IV.

No war, or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around;  
    The idle spear and shield were high uphung;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood;  
    The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light  
    His reign of peace upon the earth began;

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 5

The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

### VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence;  
And will not take their flight  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

### VII.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;  
And hid his head for shame  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlightened world no more should need;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

### VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn  
Or ere the point of dawn  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

### IX.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet  
As never was by mortal finger strook—

Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringèd noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

## X.

Nature, that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

## XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light  
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;  
The helmèd Cherubim  
And sworded Seraphim  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire  
With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

## XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

## XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears  
If ye have power to touch our senses so;

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 7

And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

### XIV.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

### XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
And heaven, as at some festival  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

### XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so;  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both Himself and us to glorify;  
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the  
deep;

### XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake;

The aged earth aghast  
With terror of that blast

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;  
When at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His  
throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day  
The old Dragon underground  
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX.

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving;  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;  
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er  
And the resounding shore

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale  
Edged with poplar pale

The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth  
And on the holy hearth

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 9

In urns and altars round  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

### XXII.

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-battered god of Palestine;

And moonèd Ashtaroth

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz  
mourn.

### XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;

In vain with cymbals' ring

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue;

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

### XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;

Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;

In vain with timbrelled anthems dark

The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

### XXV.

He feels from Judah's land

The dreaded Infant's hand;

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky cyn;



Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,

Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

## XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtained with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted Fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved  
maze.

## XXVII.

But see! the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest;  
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;  
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star  
Hath fixed her polished car,  
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.  
JOHN MILTON.

## ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.  
For whenas each thing bad thou hast entombed,  
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,

Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When everything that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,  
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O  
Time.

JOHN MILTON.

#### AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse!  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
And to our high-raised phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure concent  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
To Him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly:  
That we on earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
In perfect diapason, while they stood  
In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long  
 To His celestial consort us unite  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

JOHN MILTON.

## THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODES IV. II.

*Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari, etc.*

PINDAR is imitable by none;  
 The Phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.  
 Whoe'er but Daedalus with waxen wings could fly  
 And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?  
     What could he who followed claim,  
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,  
     And by his fall a sea to name?  
     Pindar's unnavigable song  
 Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain pours  
     along,  
     The ocean meets with such a voice  
 From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.  
 So Pindar does new words and figures roll  
 Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,  
     Which in no channel deigns to abide  
     Which neither banks nor dikes control  
     Whether the immortal gods he sings  
     In a no less immortal strain,  
 Or the great acts of god-descended kings,  
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign.  
     Each rich embroidered line,  
     Which their triumphant brows around  
     By his sacred hand is bound,  
 Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please  
 To carve in polished verse the conquerors' images,  
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,  
 Be crownèd in his nimble, artful, vigorous song :

Whether some brave young man's untimely fate  
In words worth dying for he celebrate,  
Such mournful and such pleasing words,  
As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords :  
He bids him live and grow in fame,  
Among the stars he sticks his name :  
The grave can but the dross of him devour,  
So small is death's, so great the poet's power.

Lo, how the obsequious wind, and swelling air  
The Theban swan does upwards bear  
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,  
And with extended wings opens his liquid way.  
Whilst, alas, my timorous muse  
Unambitious tracks pursues ;  
Does with weak, unballast wings,  
About the mossy brooks and springs,  
About the trees' new-blossomed heads,  
About the gardens' painted beds,  
About the fields and flowery meads,  
And all inferior beauteous things  
Like the laborious bee  
For little drops of honey flee,  
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## TO MR. HOBBS.

VAST bodies of philosophy  
I oft have seen and read,  
But all are bodies dead  
Or bodies by art fashionèd ;  
I never yet the living soul could sec,  
But in thy books and thee.  
'Tis only God can know  
Whether the fair Idea thou dost show  
Agree entirely with His own or no.  
This I dare boldly tell,  
'Tis so like truth 'twill serve our turn as well.  
Just as in Nature thy proportions be,

As full of concord their variety,  
As firm the parts upon the centre rest,  
And all so solid are that they at least  
As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain  
The universal intellectual reign,  
Saw his own country's short-lived leopard slain;  
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,  
Oftener renewed his age, and saw that die.  
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet possessed  
And chased by a wild deluge from the East,  
His monarchy new planted in the West.  
But as in time each great imperial race  
Degenerates, and gives some new one place :  
    So did this noble empire waste  
    Sunk by degrees from glories past,  
And in the School-men's hands it perished quite at last.  
    Then nought but words it grew,  
    And those all barbarous too.  
    It perished and it vanished there,  
The life and soul breathed out, became but empty air.

The fields which answered well the ancients' plough,  
Spent and out-worn return no harvest now,  
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,  
    And boast of past fertility,  
The poor relief of present poverty.  
    Food and fruit we now must want  
    Unless new lands we plant.  
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands;  
    Old rubbish we remove;  
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love  
    And with fond divining wands  
    We search among the dead  
    For treasures buried,  
    Whilst still the liberal earth does hold  
So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,  
And slender-limbèd Mediterrean,

Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit  
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit.  
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,  
    And nothing sees but seas and skies,  
    Till unknown regions it descries,  
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philo-  
sophies.  
    Thy task was harder much than his,  
    For thy learned America is  
Not only found out first by thee,  
And rudely left to future industry,  
    But thy eloquence and wit,  
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilised it.

    I little thought before,  
    (Nor being my own self so poor  
    Could comprehend so vast a store,)     )  
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence  
    Could have afforded half enough  
    Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff  
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.  
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven  
    To the Trojan hero given,  
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,  
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,  
And wonders on it graved by the learned hand of  
Art,  
    A shield that gives delight  
    Even to the enemies' sight,  
Then when they're sure to lose the combat by't.  
  
Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed  
    Upon thy reverend head,  
Quench or allay the noble fires within,  
    But all which thou hast bin,  
And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet;  
    So fully still dost thou  
Enjoy the manhood, and the bloom of wit,  
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.  
So contraries on Etna's top conspire,  
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.

A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,  
 The emboldened snow next to the flame does sleep.  
     And if we weigh, like thee,  
     Nature, and causes, we shall see  
     That thus it needs must be,  
 To things immortal Time can do no wrong,  
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### A SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY,

1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony  
     This universal frame began :  
     When Nature underneath a heap  
     Of jarring atoms lay  
     And could not heave her head,  
 The tuneful voice was heard from high  
     ‘ Arise, ye more than dead ! ’  
 Then Cold, and Hot, and Moist, and Dry  
 In order to their stations leap,  
     And Music's power obey.  
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
     This universal frame began :  
     From harmony to harmony  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?  
     When Jubal struck the chorded shell  
     His listening brethren stood around,  
     And, wondering, on their faces fell  
     To worship that celestial sound.  
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell  
     Within the hollow of that shell  
     That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor  
     Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger  
And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'  
The soft complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.  
Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion  
For the fair disdainful dame.  
But oh! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach  
The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.  
Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees uprooted left their place  
Sequacious of the lyre:  
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appeared—  
Mistaking earth for heaven!

*Grand Chorus.*

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the blest above;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.



ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF  
MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697.

## I.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son :  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne ;  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned ;)  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

*Chorus.*

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

## II.

Timotheus, placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the power of mighty love,)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode  
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;

Then round her slender waist he curled,  
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
'A present deity' ! they shout around :  
'A present deity' ! the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

*Chorus.*

With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young ;  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;  
Flushed with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face ;  
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes ;  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

*Chorus.*

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;  
Fought all his battles o'er again,  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate

And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth exposed he lies

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

*Chorus.*

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

## V.

The mighty master smiled to see

That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

'War,' he sung, 'is toil and trouble,

Honour but an empty bubble,

Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying :  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, oh think it worth enjoying :  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.'  
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
At length with love and wine at once oppressed  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

*Chorus.*

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
At length with love and wine at once oppressed  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head :  
As awaked from the dead  
And amazed, he stares around.  
' Revenge, revenge,' Timotheus cries,  
' See the Furies arise :  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain :  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew,  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.'   
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
 Thais led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

*Chorus.*

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
 Thais led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown ;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;  
 She drew an angel down.

*Grand Chorus.*

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies;  
She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

### TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assigned  
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,  
And charm his frantic woe,  
When first Distress with dagger keen  
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,  
His wild unsated foe;  
By Pella's bard, a magic name,  
By all the griefs his thought could frame,  
Receive my humble rite;  
Long, Pity, let the nations view  
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,  
And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide  
To old Ilissus' distant side,  
Deserted stream and mute?  
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,  
And Echo 'midst my native plains  
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed  
On gentlest Otway's infant head,  
To him thy cell was shown;  
And while he sung the female heart  
With youth's soft notes unspoiled by art,  
Thy turtles mixed their own.

Come, Pity, come; by Fancy's aid  
E'en now my thoughts, relenting Maid,

Thy temple's pride design;  
 Its southern site, its truth complete,  
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat  
 In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toils shall well relate  
 How Chance, or hard involving Fate,  
 O'er mortal bliss prevail;  
 The buskined Muse shall near her stand,  
 And sighing, prompt her tender hand  
 With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft retired by day  
 In dreams of passion melt away,  
 Allowed with thee to dwell;  
 There waste the mournful lamp of night  
 Till, Virgin, thou again delight  
 To hear a British shell.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

### TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught  
 To breathe her genuine thought  
 In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong,  
 Who first on mountains wild  
 In Fancy, loveliest child,  
 Thy babe or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song;  
 Thou who with hermit heart  
 Disdain'st the wealth of art  
 And gauds and pageant weeds and trailing pall,  
 But com'st a decent maid  
 In Attic robe arrayed,  
 O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call.

By all the honeyed store  
 On Hybla's thymy shore,  
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;  
 By her whose lovelorn woe  
 In evening musings slow  
 Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear;

By old Cephissus deep  
Who spread his wavy sweep  
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,  
On whose enamelled side  
When holy Freedom died  
No equal haunt allured thy future feet;

O Sister meek of Truth,  
To my admiring youth  
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse,  
The flowers that sweetest breathe  
Though Beauty culled the wreath  
Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem  
But virtue's patriot theme,  
You loved her hills and led her laureate band;  
But stayed to sing alone  
To one distinguished throne,  
And turned thy face and fled her altered land.

No more in hall or bower  
The Passions own thy power,  
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean;  
For thou hast left her shrine;  
Nor olive more, nor vine,  
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless  
To some divine excess,  
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;  
What each, what all supply,  
May court, may charm our eye,  
Thou, only Thou, canst raise the meeting soul.

Of these let others ask  
To aid some mighty task,  
I only seek to find thy temperate vail;  
Where oft my reed might sound  
To maids and shepherds round,  
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

WILLIAM COLLINS,



## ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
 By all their country's wishes blest !  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
 And Freedom shall awhile repair  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear  
     Like thy own solemn springs,  
     Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts  
     With brede ethereal wove,  
     O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
     Or where the beetle winds  
     His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :  
     Now teach me, Maid composed,  
     To breathe some softened strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;  
    As musing slow I hail  
    Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
    The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
    Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge  
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still  
    The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
    Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
    Whose walls more awful nod  
    By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
    That, from the mountain's side,  
    Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;  
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all  
    Thy dewy fingers draw  
    The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;  
    While Summer loves to sport  
    Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
    Affrights thy shrinking train  
    And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
    Thy gentlest influence own,  
    And love thy favourite name.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## THE PASSIONS.

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound,  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair  
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled,  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.

Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still through all the song;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden  
hair.

And longer had she sung :—but with a frown  
Revenge impatient rose :  
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;  
And with a withering look  
The war-denouncing trumpet took  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from  
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;  
Sad proof of thy distressful state.  
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;  
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;  
And from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;  
And dashing soft from rocks around  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!  
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,  
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;  
And Sport leaped up, and seized the beechen  
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;  
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;  
They would have thought who heard the strain  
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids  
Amidst the festal-sounding shades  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;  
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended Maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
As in that loved Athenian bower  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native simple heart  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime.

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page;  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age,  
Ev'n all at once together found  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
O bid our vain endeavours cease,  
Revive the just designs of Greece,  
Return in all thy simple state,  
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

### ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours  
Fair Venus' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers  
And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of Spring;  
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade,  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclined in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,  
How low, how little are the Proud,  
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
The panting herds repose;

Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows !  
 The insect youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honied spring  
 And float amid the liquid noon ;  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of Man,  
 And they that creep, and they that fly  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 But flutter through life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colours dressed ;  
 Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance  
 Or chilled by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
 The sportive kind reply ;  
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?  
 A solitary fly !  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display,  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
 We frolic while 'tis May.

THOMAS GRAY.

### ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side  
 Where China's gayest art had dyed  
 The azure flowers that blow,  
 Demurest of the tabby kind  
 The pensive Selima, reclined,  
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared,  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—  
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream;  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple, to the view  
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;  
A whisker first, and then a claw  
With many an ardent wish  
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize—  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretched, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between;  
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled;  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mewed to every watery god  
Some speedy aid to send;  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,  
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard,  
A favourite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived  
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold;  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters, gold.

THOMAS GRAY.



## ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way;

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!  
Ah fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain.  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green  
The paths of pleasure trace;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty,  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign

And unknown regions dare descry;  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possessed;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast;  
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,  
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play;  
No sense have they of ills to come  
Nor care beyond to-day;  
Yet see how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train;  
Ah shew them where in ambush stand  
To seize their prey, the murderous band;  
Ah, tell them they are men.

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that sculks behind;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth  
That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice  
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their Queen;  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage;  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings; all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise;  
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY.

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

### A PINDARIC ODE.

#### I. 1.

AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take;  
 The laughing flowers that round them blow  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of Music winds along  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;  
Now rolling down the steep amain  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;  
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

## I. 2.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
Has curbed the fury of his car  
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

## I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey  
Tempered to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet;  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay;  
With arms sublime that float upon the air  
In gliding state she wins her easy way;  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

## II. 1.

Man's feeble race with ills await !  
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate.  
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
And justify the laws of Jove.  
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
Night, and all her sickly dews,  
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry  
He gives to range the dreary sky  
Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of  
war.

## II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
In loose numbers wildly sweet  
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

## II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown the Aegean deep,  
Fields that cool Ilissus laves  
Or where Maeander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of anguish.  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around;  
Every shade and hallowed fountain  
Murmured deep a solemn sound;

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion, next, thy sea-encircled coast.

## III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
Her awful face; the dauntless child  
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.  
'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clear  
Richly paint the vernal year;  
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy;  
This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

## III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy  
The secrets of the abyss to spy;  
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time;  
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding  
pace.

## III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

But ah ! 'tis heard no more.  
 O ! Lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ! Though he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
     That the Theban eagle bear,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
     Through the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
     Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;  
     Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate ;  
 Beneath the Good how far, but far above the Great.  
THOMAS GRAY.

## THE BARD.

### A PINDARIC ODE.

#### I. I.

' RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !  
     Confusion on thy banners wait !  
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,  
     They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.'

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
     Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
     He wound with toilsome march his long array ;  
 Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance ;  
 ' To arms ! ' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering  
     lance.

#### I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
     Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe  
     With haggard eyes the poet stood ;

(Loose his beard and hoary hair  
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;)   
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
 ' Hark how each giant oak and desert cave  
   Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 O'er thee, O King, their hundred arms they wave.  
   Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 That hushed the stormy main;  
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;  
   Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
   Modred, whose magic song  
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.  
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie  
   Smeared with gore and ghastly pale;  
   Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;  
 The famished eagle screams and passes by.  
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
   Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
   Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.  
 No more I weep; they do not sleep;  
   On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 I see them sit; they linger yet,  
   Avengers of their native land;  
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

## II. I.

' Weave the warp and weave the woof  
   The winding-sheet of Edward's race:  
 Give ample room and verge enough  
   The characters of hell to trace.  
 Mark the year and mark the night  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright



The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that  
 ring,  
 Shrieks of an agonizing king.  
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs  
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs  
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him  
 wait !  
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II. 2.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies ;  
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable warrior fled ?  
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
 The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?  
 Gone to salute the rising morn.  
 Fair laughs the Morn and soft the Zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the Vessel goes ;  
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,  
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,  
 That hushed in grim repose expects his evening  
 prey.

## II. 3.

' Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare ;  
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;  
 Close by the regal chair  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, horse to horse ?  
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,  
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
Above, below, the rose of snow,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;  
The bristled boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

## III. I.

' Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun;)  
Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
(The web is wove; the work is done;)  
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn  
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn;  
In yon bright track that fires the western skies  
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;  
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

## III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old  
In bearded majesty appear.  
In the midst a form divine,  
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;  
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face  
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.  
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
What strains of vocal transport round her play?  
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;  
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,  
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

## III. 3.

' The verse adorn again  
 Fierce War and faithful Love  
 And Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed.  
 In buskined measures move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 A voice as of the cherub-choir  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud  
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me; with joy I see  
 The different doom our fates assign :  
 Be thine Despair and sceptred Care;  
 To triumph and to die are mine.'  
 —He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.  
 THOMAS GRAY.

## FRANCE.

## AN ODE.

## I.

YE Clouds ! that far above me float and pause,  
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control !  
 Ye Ocean-Waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,  
 Yield homage only to eternal laws !  
 Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-birds' singing,  
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,  
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,  
 Have made a solemn music of the wind !  
 Where, like a man beloved of God,  
 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,  
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,  
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,  
 Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,

By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !  
O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !  
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !  
Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !  
Yea, every thing that is and will be free !  
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still adored  
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

## II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,  
And with that oath, which smote air, earth and  
sea,  
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be  
free,  
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared !  
With what a joy my lofty gratulation  
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band :  
And when to overwhelm the disenchanted nation,  
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,  
The monarchs marched in evil day,  
And Britain joined the dire array ;  
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,  
Though many friendships, many youthful loves,  
Had swoln the patriot emotion,  
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves ;  
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat  
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,  
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat !  
For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim  
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame ;  
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,  
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

## III.

" And what," I said, " though Blasphemy's loud scream  
With that sweet music of deliverance strove ?  
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove  
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream ?  
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,

The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light ! ”

And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,

The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright ;

When France her front, deep-scarred and gory,

Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;

When, insupportably advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp ;

While, timid looks of fury glancing,

Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore ;

Then I reproached my fears that would not flee ;

“ And soon,” I said, “ shall Wisdom teach her lore

In the low huts of them that toil and groan !

And, conquering by her happiness alone,

Shall France compel the nations to be free,

Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own.”

#### IV.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams !

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,

And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows

With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished

One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,

Where Peace her jealous home had built ;

A patriot-race to disinherit

Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;

And with inexpiable spirit

To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,

And patriot only in pernicious toils,

Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind ?

To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,

Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;

To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoil

From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray.

## v.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
 Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game  
 They burst their manacles and wear the name  
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!  
 O Liberty! with profitless endeavour  
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;  
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever  
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.  
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,  
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,  
 Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,  
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the  
 waves!  
 And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,  
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,  
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge!  
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
 And shot my being through earth, sea and air,  
 Possessing all things with intensest love,  
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## DEJECTION.

## AN ODE.

'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,  
 With the old moon in her arms;  
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear,  
 We shall have a deadly storm.'

Ballad of SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

## I.

WELL! if the bard was weather-wise, who made  
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade  
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of this Aeolian lute,  
 Which better far were mute.  
 For lo! the new moon, winter-bright!  
 And overspread with phantom light,  
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread,  
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread!)  
 I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling  
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.  
 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,  
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!  
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they  
     awed,  
 And sent my soul abroad,  
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,  
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

## II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
     In word, or sigh, or tear,—  
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,  
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
 And still I gaze,—and with how blank an eye!  
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
 That give away their motion to the stars;  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen;  
 Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

## III.

My genial spirits fail;  
 And what can these avail,  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?

It were a vain endeavour,  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west :  
 I may not hope from outward forms to win  
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are  
 within.

IV.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live :  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth,  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the earth ;  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me  
 What this strong music in the soul may be !  
 What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power.  
 Joy, virtuous Lady ! joy that ne'er was given,  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,—  
 Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower  
 A new earth and new heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud ;  
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud ;—  
 We in ourselves rejoice !  
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.



## VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
This joy within me dallied with distress,  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :  
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.  
But now afflictions bow me down to earth :  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,  
But oh ! each visitation  
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of imagination.  
For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, all I can ;  
And haply by abstruse research to steal  
From my own nature all the natural man ;—  
This was my sole resource, my only plan :  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

## VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
Reality's dark dream !  
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream  
Of agony by torture lengthened out  
That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that ravest with-  
out,  
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,  
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,  
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,  
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.  
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !  
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold !  
What tell'st thou now about ?  
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,

With groans of trampled men, with smarting  
wounds :—  
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the  
cold !  
But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !  
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
With groans, and tremulous shudderings,—all is over !  
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud !  
A tale of less affright,  
And tempered with delight,  
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay ;—  
'Tis of a little child  
Upon a lonesome wild,  
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :  
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother  
hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :  
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !  
Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,  
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth ;  
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,  
Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth !  
With light heart may she rise,  
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes ;  
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice :  
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,—  
Their life the eddying of her living soul !  
O simple spirit, guided from above,  
Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,  
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## ODE.

ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM  
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

‘The child is father of the man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.’

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—  
Turn wheresoe’er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

## II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose ;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where’er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor’s sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay ;  
Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—  
     Thou child of joy  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
 shepherd-boy!

## IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call  
     Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
     O evil day! if I were sullen  
     While Earth herself is adorning  
     This sweet May morning,  
     And the children are pulling  
     On every side  
     In a thousand valleys far and wide  
     Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm.  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
     —But there's a tree, of many, one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting  
     And cometh from afar;  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home;

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy ;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a mother's mind  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral ;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That life brings with her in her equipage;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy soul's immensity;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—  
     Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
     On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX.

O joy! that in our embers  
     Is something that doth live,  
     That Nature yet remembers  
     What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:  
     —Not for these I raise  
     The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings,  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
     Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake  
     To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
     Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
     Hence, in a season of calm weather  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither;  
     Can in a moment travel thither—  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## X.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
     And let the young lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound !  
 We, in thought, will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
     Ye that through your hearts today  
     Feel the gladness of the May !  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
     Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
     We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind,  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be,  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering,  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forbode not any severing of our loves !  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway ;  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
     Is lovely yet ;  
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe ;  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth



Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth :  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work, and know it not ;  
O ! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them  
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright  
And happy will our nature be  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control,  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance desires :  
My hopes no more must change their name ;  
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face :  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh  
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
O let my weakness have an end !  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give ;  
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond  
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain,  
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege, to sing  
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim  
And purple-stainèd mouth ;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs :  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;  
Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;  
But here there is no light  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for  
home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades :  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep?  
JOHN KEATS.

### ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness !  
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
 For ever panting and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?  
 What little town by river or sea-shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty",—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

### TO PSYCHE.

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers wrung  
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,  
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,  
 Even into thine own soft-conch'd ear:  
 Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see  
 The wing'd Psyche with awakened eyes?  
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,  
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,  
 Saw two fair creatures couch'd side by side  
 In deepest grass beneath the whispering roof  
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran  
 A brooklet, scarce espied.  
 Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,  
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,  
 They lay calm-sleeping on the bedded grass;

Their arms embracèd and their pinions too;  
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,  
 As if disjoinèd by soft-handed slumber,  
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber  
 At tender eye-dawn of Aureorean love :  
     The wingèd boy I knew ;  
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?  
     His Psyche true !

O latest-born and loveliest vision far  
     Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !  
 Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-regioned star  
     Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky ;  
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,  
     Nor altar heaped with flowers ;  
 Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan  
     Upon the midnight hours ;  
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet  
     From chain-swung censer teeming ;  
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat  
     Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.  
 O brightest ! though too late for antique vows,  
     Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,  
 When holy were the haunted forest-boughs,  
     Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;  
 Yet even in these days so far retired  
     From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,  
     Fluttering among the faint Olympians,  
 I see, and sing by my own eyes inspired.  
     So let me be thy choir, and make a moan  
     Upon the midnight hours !  
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet  
     From swingèd censer teeming ;  
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat  
     Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane  
     In some untrodden region of my mind,  
 Where branchèd thoughts, new-grown with pleasant  
     pain,  
     Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind :

Far, far around shall these dark-clustered trees  
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;  
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,  
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;  
And in the midst of this wide quietness  
A rosy sanctuary will I dress  
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,  
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,  
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,  
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same:  
And there shall be for thee all soft delight  
That shadowy thought can win,  
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night  
To let the warm Love in!

JOHN KEATS.

### TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.



Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river salallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

### ON MELANCHOLY.

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist

Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed

By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl

A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;

For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall

Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,

And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,

Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;

Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,

Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:

Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous  
tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.  
JOHN KEATS.

## TO THE WEST WIND.

## I.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, Thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

## II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

## III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

## IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

## v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightning,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad day-light  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flowed.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not—

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower—

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the  
view—

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine :

Chorus Hymenæal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be—  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound—  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found—  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now.  
 PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### TO LIBERTY.

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,  
 Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.  
 BYRON.

#### I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again :  
 The lightning of the nations, Liberty,  
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,  
 Scattering contagious fire into the sky,

Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,  
And, in the rapid plumes of song,  
Clothed itself, sublime and strong;  
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,  
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey;  
Till from its station in the heaven of fame  
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray  
Of the remotest sphere of living flame  
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,  
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came  
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

## II.

The sun and the serenest moon sprang forth:  
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled  
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,  
That island in the ocean of the world,  
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air:  
But this divinest universe  
Was yet a chaos and a curse,  
For thou wert not: but power from worst producing  
worse,  
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,  
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,  
And there was war among them, and despair  
Within them, raging without truce or terms:  
The bosom of their violated nurse  
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on  
worms,  
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

## III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied  
His generations under the pavilion  
Of the sun's throne: palace and pyramid,  
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million  
Were as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.  
This human living multitude  
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,  
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,



Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves  
 Hung Tyranny; beneath, sate deified  
 The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;  
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide  
 Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,  
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,  
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

## IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,  
 And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves  
 Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles  
 Of favouring heaven: from their enchanted caves  
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.  
 On the unapprehensive wild  
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,  
 Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;  
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,  
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,  
 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,  
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein  
 Of Parian stone; and, yet a speechless child,  
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain  
 Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

## V.

Athens arose: a city such as vision  
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision  
 Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors  
 Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;  
 Its portals are inhabited  
 By thunder-zoned winds, each head  
 Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,  
 A divine work! Athens diviner yet  
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will  
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;  
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill  
 Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead  
 In marble immortality, that hill  
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

## VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river  
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay  
Immovably unquiet, and for ever  
It trembles, but it cannot pass away !  
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder  
With an earth-awakening blast  
Through the caverns of the past ;  
Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks aghast :  
A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,  
Which soars where Expectation never flew,  
Rending the veil of space and time asunder !  
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew ;  
One sun illumines heaven ; one spirit vast  
With life and love makes chaos ever new,  
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

## VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,  
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,  
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest  
From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd ;  
And many a deed of terrible uprightness  
By thy sweet love was sanctified ;  
And in thy smile, and by thy side,  
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.  
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,  
And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,  
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,  
The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone  
Slaves of one tyrant : Palatinus sighed  
Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone  
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

## VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,  
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,  
Or utmost islet inaccessible,  
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,  
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,

And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,  
 To talk in echoes sad and stern,  
 Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn?  
 For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks  
 Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.  
 What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks  
 Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep  
 When from its sea of death to kill and burn,  
 The Galilean serpent forth did creep,  
 And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

## IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?  
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell  
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:  
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,  
 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,  
 Arose in sacred Italy,  
 Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea  
 Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned  
 majesty;  
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,  
 And burst around their walls, like idle foam,  
 Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep  
 Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb  
 Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,  
 With divine wand traced on our earthly home  
 Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

## X.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror  
 Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,  
 Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,  
 As light may pierce the clouds when they dis sever  
 In the calm regions of the orient day!  
 Luther caught thy wakening glance  
 Like lightning, from his leaden lance  
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance  
 In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;  
 And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,

In songs whose music cannot pass away,  
Though it must flow for ever : not unseen  
Before the spirit-sighted countenance  
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene  
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

## XI.

The eager hours and reluctant years  
As on a dawn-illuminated mountain stood,  
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,  
Darkening each other with their multitude,  
And cried aloud, Liberty ! Indignation  
Answered Pity from her cave ;  
Death grew pale within the grave,  
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save !  
When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation  
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,  
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation  
Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies  
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,  
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,  
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

## XII.

Thou heaven of earth ! what spells could pall thee then,  
In ominous eclipse ? a thousand years  
Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den  
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,  
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away ;  
How like Bacchanals of blood  
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood  
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood !  
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,  
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers  
Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,  
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred  
bowers  
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,  
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,  
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral  
towers.

## XIII.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?

Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder  
Vesuvius wakens *Ætna*, and the cold

Snow-crag by its reply are cloven in sunder :  
O'er the lit waves every *Æolian* isle

From *Pithecusa* to *Pelorus*

Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :

They cry, Be dim ; ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er  
us.

Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile

And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel,  
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.

Twins of a single destiny ! appeal  
To the eternal years enthroned before us,  
In the dim West ; impress as from a seal,  
All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare  
conceal.

## XIV.

Tomb of *Arminius* ! render up thy dead,

Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,  
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head ;

Thy victory shall be his epitaph,  
Wild *Bacchanal* of truth's mysterious wine,

King-deluded *Germany*,

His dead spirit lives in thee.

Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !

And thou, lost *Paradise* of this divine

And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness !

Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine

Where desolation clothed with loveliness,  
Worships the thing thou wert ! O *Italy*,

Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress

The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

## XV.

O, that the free would stamp the impious name

Of *KING* into the dust ! or write it there,

So that this blot upon the page of fame

Were as a serpent's path, which the light air

Erases, and the flat sands close behind !  
Ye the oracle have heard :  
Lift the victory-flashing sword,  
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,  
Which weak itself as stubble, yet can bind  
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,  
The axes and the rods which awe mankind ;  
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm  
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred ;  
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,  
To set thine armed heel on this reluctant worm.

## XVI.

O, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle  
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world, ·  
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle  
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,  
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure ;  
Till human thoughts might kneel alone  
Each before the judgment-throne  
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown !  
O, that the words which make the thoughts obscure  
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering  
dew  
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,  
Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue  
And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,  
Till in the nakedness of false and true  
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

## XVII.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever  
Can be between the cradle and the grave  
Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour !  
If on his own high will, a willing slave,  
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.  
What if earth can clothe and feed  
Amplest millions at their need,  
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?  
O, what if Art, an ardent intercessor,  
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,

Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,  
 And cries : Give me, thy child, dominion  
 Over all height and depth? if Life can breed  
 New wants, and wealth from those who toil and  
     groan  
 Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousand fold for one.

## XVIII.

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave  
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star  
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,  
 Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car  
 Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;  
     Comes she not, and come ye not,  
     Rulers of eternal thought,  
 To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?  
 Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame  
 Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?  
 O, Liberty! if such could be thy name  
 Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee :  
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought  
 By blood or tears, have not the wise and free  
 Wept tears, and blood like tears? The solemn  
     harmony.

## XIX.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing  
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;  
 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging  
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,  
 Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light  
     On the heavy sounding plain,  
     When the bolt has pierced its brain;  
 As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain;  
 As a far taper fades with fading night,  
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,  
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,  
 Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away  
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain.  
 As waves which lately paved his watery way  
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous  
     play.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF  
WELLINGTON.

I.

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the past.  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest, yet with least pretence;  
Great in council and great in war,



Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !  
Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

## v.

All is over and done :  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be tolled.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest for ever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be tolled :  
And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds :  
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be tolled ;  
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled ;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled  
Through the dome of the golden cross ;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
 In that dread sound to the great name,  
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
 In praise and in dispraise the same,  
 A man of well-tempered frame.  
 O civic Muse, to such a name,  
 To such a name for ages long,  
 To such a name,  
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

## VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,  
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with  
     priest,  
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?  
 Mighty seaman, this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea.  
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
 The greatest sailor since our world began.  
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
 For this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea;  
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;  
 O give him welcome, this is he,  
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
 And worthy to be laid by thee;  
 For this is England's greatest son,  
 He that gained a hundred fights,  
 Nor ever lost an English gun;  
 This is he that far away  
 Against the myriads of Assaye  
 Clashed with his fiery few and won;  
 And underneath another sun,  
 Warring on a later day,  
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
 The treble works, the vast designs  
 Of his laboured rampart-lines,  
 Where he greatly stood at bay,  
 Whence he issued forth anew,

And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines,  
Followed up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;  
A day of onsets of despair!  
Dashed on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foamed themselves away,  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Through the long-tormented air  
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine,  
And through the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name.

## VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.  
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,  
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt  
Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;  
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,  
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.  
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.  
Remember him who led your hosts ;  
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.  
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;  
His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour  
For ever silent ; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke ;  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with eternal God for power ;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
Through either babbling world of high and low ;  
Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;  
Who never spoke against a foe ;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;  
Truth-lover was our English Duke;  
Whatever record leap to light  
He never shall be shamed.

## VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
Followed by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honour showered all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory;  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory;  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.  
Such was he: his work is done.  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land.  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;  
Till in all lands and through all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory:  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
For many and many an age proclaim

At civic revel and pomp and game.  
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,  
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
 Eternal honour to his name.

## IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
 By some yet unmoulded tongue  
 Far on in summers that we shall not see :  
 Peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one about whose patriarchal knee  
 Late the little children clung :  
 O peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain  
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.  
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !  
 More than is of man's degree  
 Must be with us, watching here  
 At this, our great solemnity.  
 Whom we see not we revere.  
 We revere, and we refrain  
 From talk of battles loud and vain,  
 And brawling memories all too free  
 For such a wise humility  
 As befits a solemn fane :  
 We revere, and while we hear  
 The tides of Music's golden sea  
 Setting toward eternity,  
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,  
 Until we doubt not that for one so true  
 There must be other nobler work to do  
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
 And victor he must ever be.  
 For though the giant Ages heave the hill  
 And break the shore, and evermore  
 Make and break, and work their will ;  
 Though world on world in myriad myriads roll  
 Round us, each with different powers,  
 And other forms of life than ours,  
 What know we greater than the soul?

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :  
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;  
He is gone who seemed so great.—  
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## NOTES.

### TO HIMSELF.

In 1629 Jonson's play *The New Inn* was completely damned, not even being heard to its conclusion. The words 'The just indignation the author took at the vulgar censure of his play by some malicious spectators begat the following ode' preface this poem in the original edition.

p. 1. **commission of the brain**: hypercritical search for faults, (commission = inquiry).

p. 2. **orts**: refuse scraps, leavings. Cf. Shakespeare, *Lucrece*, 985, 'Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave.'

**comic socks**: the soccus or low-heeled shoe was worn by Greek and Roman comic actors; the kothurnos, a raised boot or buskin, was worn by tragic actors; hence 'comic socks' means comedy, and 'buskined muse' the muse of tragedy.

**palsy**: in 1625 Ben Jonson was struck with paralysis in his lower limbs.

### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

The poem was begun on Christmas morning, 1629; Milton refers to it in the *Sixth Latin Elegy*, ll. 79 sqq.

p. 3. **hallowed fire**: cf. Isaiah, vi. 6, 7.

p. 5. **whist**: stilled. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, i. ii. 379.

**birds of calm**: halcyons, birds fabled to breed about the winter solstice in a nest floating on the sea, which they charmed to stillness.

**the mighty Pan**: Christ; Pan was the god of shepherds.

**kindly**: after their own kind, *i.e.* as a man.

**silly**: simple, innocent.

p. 6. **Cynthia**: the moon; Diana was born on Mount Cynthus in Delos.

**unexpressive**: inexpressible. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 176, 'the unexpressive nuptial song.'

**sons of morning**: cf. Job, xxxviii. 4-11.



**weltering**: rolling to and fro. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 13, 'welter to the parching wind.'

**Ring out**: 'An instance of Milton's fondness for the Pythagorean fancy of the music of the spheres, *i.e.* a music produced by the wheeling of the orbs that were supposed, in the old Astronomy, to constitute the Mundane Universe. In the completely developed Ptolemaic system there were ten spheres: for the present purpose Milton is content with nine.' [Masson.] Milton had delivered an academic oration at Cambridge on the harmony of the spheres.

p. 7. **consort**: Lat. *consortium*, a share with, companionship. Cf. Milton, *At a Solemn Music*, 27.

**Mount Sinai**: cf. Exodus, xix. 16.

p. 8. **oracles**: though on the wane, oracles were given to the end of the fourth century A.D.

**Delphos**: cf. Gray, *The Progress of Poetry*, 66.

**parting genius**: Thamus, an Egyptian pilot on his way to Italy, was ordered by a voice coming to the ship from the Isle of Paxos to announce at Pelodes 'The great Pan is dead.' He did so, and 'hardly had he finished speaking before there was a great cry, not of one, but of many voices, blended in a marvellous manner.' [Plutarch, *On the Cessation of Oracles*, xvii.] This was in the reign of Tiberius.

**Lars** or **Lares**: household gods. **Lemures**: ghosts.

p. 9. **Flamens**: priests.

**sweat**: a portent not uncommon in ancient times; for others, *v.* Vergil, *Georgics*, i. 480 sqq; *Lucan*, i. 522 sqq.

**Peor and Baalim**: for these and most of the other deities, *v.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 381-489.

**Lybic Hammon**: Zeus Ammon, the famous Lybian oracle who delivered a favourable reply to Alexander the Great, is represented as having a ram's horns and ears.

**Osiris** and **Isis** were the Egyptian sun and moon gods; **Orus** was their son; **Typhon**, a winged giant with double serpent-tail, slew Osiris by craft and scattered his body in fourteen pieces; Isis collected them and placed them in a chest. Osiris became incarnate in the black bull Apis, and was then known as Serapis.

p. 10. **in His swaddling bands**: Milton here alludes to the story of the infant Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpents.

**Troop to the infernal jail**: cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 378.

**youngest-teemed star**: the star of Bethlehem.

## ON TIME.

'The copy in the Cambridge volume bears the title "On Time: to be set on a Clock-case"; and in the beginning of the piece itself, the poet seems to be thinking of the mechanism of a clock.' [Masson.]

p. 11. **individual**: indivisible. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 486. [Masson.]

**quit**: having been quitted.

#### AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

**Sphere-born**: cf. Milton, *On the Nativity*, 125.

**sapphire-coloured throne**: cf. Ezekiel, i. 26.

**diapason**: complete concord; literally, the concord through, or at the interval of all the notes of the scale.

#### THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

p. 12. **Daedalus**: the mythical Athenian artist who built the Labyrinth in Crete; he and his son Icarus escaped thence by the aid of wings; Icarus, however, flew too near the sun, the wax fastenings melted, and he was drowned in the sea thereafter called Icarian.

**Pisa**: a town close to Olympia, where the games were held every four years.

p. 13. **Theban swan**: 'From the fabulous, but universally received tradition of swans singing most sweetly before their death (though the truth is, geese and they are alike melodious), the poets have assumed to themselves the title of swans. Horace . . . would be believed to be metamorphosed into one. . . . The Anthology gives the same name to Pindar; "Sweet-tongued Pindar, the Heliconian swan of Thebes." So Vergil is called Mantuanus olor, the swan of Mantua.' [Cowley.]

**garden's painted beds**: Cowley received lands at Chertsey on the Thames for his royalist services, and wrote a Latin poem in six books on Plants.

#### TO MR. HOBBS.

Hobbes, 1588-1679, the philosopher, author of *The Leviathan* (published 1651), and translator of *Thucydides*, was in France 1640-1651; Cowley came to France in 1646, and possibly met him at the exiled Stuart Court.

p. 14. **Stagira** in Macedonia was the birth-place of Aristotle.

**leopard**: 'The Grecian empire, in the visions of Daniel, is represented by a leopard with four wings upon his back and four heads. Chap. vii. 6.' [Cowley.]

**Mecca**: the birth-place of Mahomet. 'Aristotle's philosophy was in great esteem among the Arabians or Saracens; witness those many excellent works upon him or according to his principles, written by Averroes, Avicenna, Avempace and divers others. In spite of Mahomet: because his law, being adapted to the barbarous humour of those peoples he had first to deal withal, and aiming only at greatness

of empire by the sword, forbids all studies of learning ; which nevertheless flourished admirably under the Saracen monarchy.' [Cowley.] The Moors carried Aristotle's works into Spain with them, and through them he became known to Western Europe.

**School-men**: mediaeval scholars, such as Abelard and Aquinas, who attempted to reconcile Aristotle and the Christian faith; their over-subtle reasoning brought them and Aristotle into discredit.

p. 15. **shield**: 'See the excellent description of the shield, made by Vulcan at the request of Venus, for her son Æneas at the end of *Vergil*, book viii. . . . whereon was graven all Roman history.' [Cowley.]

### A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

This ode 'was set to music by Draghi, an Italian composer. St. Cecilia was, according to the legend, a Roman virgin of rank, who embraced Christianity in the reign of Antoninus, and whose virtue and devoutness obtained for her the honour of visits from an angel. She is said to have invented the organ, and she was canonized as the guardian saint of music. A musical society was formed in London for the celebration of St. Cecilia's day in the year 1683. From that time a festival was annually held on the 22nd of November, in Stationers' Hall, and an ode composed for the occasion was sung.' [Christie.]

p. 16. **Cold and Hot, and Moist, and Dry**: cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 898.

**diapason**: here, the whole range of notes in the scale [*N.E.D.*], and *v.* note on Milton, *At a Solemn Music*, 23.

**Jubal**: cf. Genesis, iv. 21.

p. 17. **double double double beat**: for the repetition, cf. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 77.

### ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

The story goes that at a feast in Persepolis, 330 B.C., Thais, an Athenian, suggested the burning of the palace of Xerxes in revenge for the Grecian temples that Xerxes himself had burnt.

p. 18. **Timotheus**: 'A musician of Boeotia, a favourite of Alexander the Great; not the great musician, Timotheus, who died before Alexander was born: unless Dryden has confused the two.' [Christie.]

p. 19. **to shake the spheres**: cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, ix. 106.

p. 20. **Darius**: murdered in 330 B.C. by Bessus and others during their flight before Alexander. Plutarch relates that a Macedonian soldier found the dying monarch in time to give him water and to hear him express his thanks to Alexander for his courteous conduct towards his captured wife and children.

**Lydian measures**: the Greeks had five chief styles in music, known by national or tribal names; the Lydian style or mode was suitable for tender subjects.

## TO PITY.

p. 23. **Pella's bard**: 'Euripides, of whom Aristotle pronounces on a comparison of him with Sophocles, that he was the greater master of the tender passions.' [Collins.]

**Iliissus**: a river flowing by Athens.

**Arun**: 'The river Arun runs by the village (of Trotton) in Sussex, where Otway had his birth.' [Collins.] Otway is noted for his pathos, best seen in the two plays *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*. Collins was born at Chichester.

p. 24. **buskined muse**: *v.* note on Ben Jonson, *To Himself*, 37.

**prompt her tender hand**: stretch out her hand with a gesture of pity.

**British shell**: *i.e.* British poet. Mercury fashioned the first lyre from a tortoise-shell and then gave it to Apollo in exchange for the oxen he had stolen from that god.

## TO SIMPLICITY.

**decent**: modest, comely. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 644, 'he (Satan disguised) held before his decent steps a silver wand.'

**Attic robe**: the simple chiton, or long sleeveless shirt reaching to the ankles.

**Hybla**: a town and mountain in Sicily famed for its bees.

**her whose love-lorn woe**: 'The nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.' [Collins.]

**sad Electra's poet**: Milton uses the same words of Euripides, *Sonnet VIII*. **Electra**: sister of Orestes, who was pursued by Furies for slaying his mother Clytemnestra in requital of her murder of her husband Agamemnon: the latter had offered up her daughter Iphigeneia as a sacrifice on behalf of the wind-bound ships at Aulis.

p. 25. **Cephisus**: a river of Attica.

**one distinguished throne**: that of Augustus.

**Love, only Love** .., *i.e.* Roman poetry became nerveless and sang only of Love, *e.g.* Ovid.

## TO EVENING.

Milton's translation of Horace, *Odes*, i. 5, is probably the first unrimed ode in English: this of Collins is the best known. J. Warton, a friend of Collins, published *Odes on Various Subjects*—containing two unrimed odes, one an imitation of Horace in the same metre as the ode *To Evening*—in the same year that Collins' book appeared.

p. 26. **brede**: anything broidered or interwoven; connected with 'braid.'

p. 27. **folding-star** : the star that rises about the time the sheep are driven to the fold.

### THE PASSIONS.

p. 28. **expressive power** : power of expression.

p. 29. **doubling drum** : cf. Dryden, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, 29.

p. 30. **the oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen** : Diana and her nymphs.

**Tempe's vale** : the vale of the Peneios in Thessaly and a haunt of the Muses.

**energetic** : vigorous, forcible. Cf. J. Ellis, *Caesar in Egypt*, 32, Caesar, astute, energetic, pressed the war.' [N.E.D.]

p. 31. **Cecilia** : v. note, Dryden, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*.

### ON THE SPRING.

**Attic warbler** : v. note on Collins, *To Simplicity*, 16.

p. 32. **liquid noon** : 'nare per aestatem liquidam (to float through the liquid summer-air), Vergil, *Georgics*, iv. 59' [Gray.]

### ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

The China bowl into which the cat fell was the property of Mr. Horace Walpole, an old school-friend of Gray's ; after the poet's death the first few lines of this ode were inscribed upon it.

### ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

p. 34. **Henry** : Eton College was founded by Henry VI.

**my careless childhood** : Gray left Eton for Cambridge in 1734, at the age of 18.

### THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

p. 36. **Aeolian** : 'Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments . . . Aeolian song.' [Gray.]

**Helicon** : a mountain in Boeotia and a haunt of the Muses.

p. 37. **Ceres' golden reign** : Ceres was the goddess of agriculture and, in particular, of corn-growing.

**enchanting shell** : v. note on Collins, *To Pity*, 42.

**Thracia's hills** : the Thracians were notorious for fighting.

**Idalia** : Mount Idalia in Cyprus.

**Cytherea** : Venus, so-called because the island of Cythera was specially hers.

p. 38. **Her spectres wan**: cf. Milton, *On the Nativity*, 232.

**Hyperion**: a Titan, father of the sun. Gray quotes

'Or seen the morning's well-appointed star  
Come marching up the eastern hills afar. Cowley.'

**Delphi**: a town lying under Mt. Parnassus (a haunt of the Muses) in Phocis: Apollo had a famous temple there. Cf. Milton, *On the Nativity*, 178.

**Ilissus**: v. note on Collins, *To Pity*, 14.

**Maeander**: a river forming the southern boundary of Lydia, proverbial for its winding course; its tributary, the Marsyas, was the scene of the musical contest between Marsyas and Apollo.

p. 39. **Latian plains**: Italy. Latium was that part of Italy in which Rome was situated.

**the flaming bounds**: 'Flammantia moenia mundi (the flaming walls of the world), Lucretius, i. 74.' [Gray.]

**the sapphire-blaze**: 'Ezekiel, i. 20, 26, 28.' [Gray.] Cf. Milton, *At a Solemn Music*, 7.

**in thunder clothed**: "'Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Job (xxxix. 19, but v. R.V.). This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.' [Gray.]

p. 40. **the Theban eagle**: 'Pindar compares himself to that bird and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.' [Gray.]

## THE BARD.

'This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.' [Gray.]

p. 41. **Hoel**: a Welsh prince and bard; **Llewellyn** is elsewhere called a 'tender-hearted' and 'mild' prince; of **Cadwallo** and **Urien** no remains exist; **Modred** or **Merlyn** was a pupil of Taliessin, the chief of the bards, who lived in the sixth century.

**Arvon's shore**: 'The shores of Carnarvonshire opposite the isle of Anglesey.' [Gray.]

p. 42. **She-wolf of France**: cf. Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part III. i. iv. III.

**London's lasting shame**: 'Henry the Sixth, George D. of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard D. of York, etc., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.' [Gray.]

p. 43. **the bristled boar**: 'The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.' [Gray.]

**Half of thy heart:** 'Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof of her affection for her lord is well-known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham and other places.' [Gray.]

**Her lion-port:** 'Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialianski, ambassador of Poland, says: "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator, no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."' [Gray.]

p. 44. **buskined measures:** *v.* note on Ben Jonson, *To Himself*, 37.

**distant warblings:** 'The succession of poets after Milton's time.' [Gray.]

## FRANCE.

This ode first appeared in the *Morning Post*, April 1798, under the title, 'The Recantation.' Coleridge, like Southey and Wordsworth, had hailed the French Revolution with delight, but his enthusiasm quickly grew cold.

p. 45. **The monarchs:** Austrians, Germans, Spaniards, Swiss, arranged in 1791 to march against French territory; in 1793 war was declared by France against England. Cf. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, x. 264.

**Blasphemy:** Christianity was totally discredited; all Church property confiscated; Sundays abolished; atheism openly avowed; and statues set up to Wisdom, whose high-priest Robespierre proclaimed himself to be. Cf. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, x. 341.

p. 46. **insupportably:** irresistibly.

**Domestic treason:** the revolt of La Vendée.

**bleak Helvetia:** cf. Wordsworth, *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*, Part I. xii. In 1798 two French armies entered Switzerland; after fierce fighting Berne was entered and its treasury pillaged; insurrections were put down with severity and Geneva was annexed to France.

## DEJECTION.

'First printed in the *Morning Post* of October 4th, 1802, Wordsworth's wedding day. In this edition, the 'Lady' of the poem as now printed was 'Edmund,' a poetical name for Wordsworth, who had been directly addressed as 'William' in the original manuscript. When the ode was reprinted in *Sibylline Leaves* painful misunderstandings had impaired, though they had not destroyed, the friendship of the poets, and Coleridge could no longer think or speak as he had done. The alteration of the real 'Edmund' into an imaginary 'Lady,' with the numerous changes of text that it has enforced, has greatly prejudiced his poem. The con-

cluding stanza in particular, most appropriate as first written, now appears overstrained and almost nonsensical.' [Garnett.]

p. 47. **the bard's** name is unknown and Coleridge has misquoted the stanza.

**Sir Patrick Spence** was sent to fetch Margaret, the Maid of Norway, from that country to Scotland, but was shipwrecked and drowned at Aberdour in a winter's storm.

p. 48. **Aeolian lute**: a stringed instrument producing musical sounds when exposed to a current of air. Aeolus was the god of the winds.

**the old moon in her lap**: cf. Wordsworth, *Miscellaneous Poems*, xi.:

‘Once I could hail (howe’er serene the sky)  
The moon re-entering her monthly round,  
No faculty yet given me to espy  
The dusky shape within her arms imbound,  
That thin memento of effulgence lost  
Which some have named her predecessor’s ghost.’

**yellow green**: ‘Trelawny says Byron ridiculed this passage; but some years after the composition of this poem, Coleridge noted at Bristol: “Blue sky through the glimmering interspaces of the dark elms at twilight rendered a lovely deep yellow green—all the rest a delicate blue.”’ [Garnett.]

p. 50. **now afflictions bow me**: Coleridge was subject to rheumatism and neuralgia; he relieved his pains by taking laudanum, and this habit became fixed about 1803: his prospects, too, were very uncertain at that time.

**tairn**: ‘Tairn is a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.’ [Coleridge.]

p. 51. **Otway's**: ‘originally Edmund’s.’ [Garnett.] v. note on Collins, *To Pity*, 20.

## ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

First published 1807. The quotation is from *Poems referring to the Period of Childhood*, i.

p. 53. **Not in entire forgetfulness**: Wordsworth here alludes to the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence; namely, that certain ideas have been ours in a previous state of existence, and that we are reminded of them subsequently by experience.

p. 55. **‘humorous stage’**: cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II. vii. 139.



## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

This ode was written after listening to a nightingale which had built his nest close to the house at Hampstead, where Keats was staying.

p. 60. **Lethe**: the river of oblivion in the realm of Hades.

**Provence**: the home of the Troubadours.

**Hippocrene**: the fountain on Mt. Helicon formed by a blow of Pegasus' hoof.

## TO A GRECIAN URN.

p. 62. **Tempe**: *v.* note on Collins, *The Passions*, 86. **Arcady**: the home of Pan.

**brede**: *v.* note on Collins, *To Evening*, 7.

## TO PSYCHE.

Keats writes: 'The following poem . . . is the first and only one with which I have taken even moderate pains. . . . You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist, who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of the ancient fervour, and perhaps never thought of in the old religion; I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected.' The chief work of Apuleius (born about 130 A.D.) is *The Golden Ass*; in it occurs the tale of Cupid and Psyche.

p. 64. **Phoebe**: the moon.

**thy lucent fans**: *i.e.* vans or wings. Cf. Tennyson, *Love and Death*, 8: 'Love . . . spread his sheeny vans for flight.'

**the faint Olympians**: the almost forgotten gods of Greece and Rome, dwelling on Mt. Olympus.

## TO AUTUMN.

p. 66. **While barrèd clouds**: *i.e.* while bars of clouds, catching the sun's last rays, give a rosy tint to the gently-passing day.

## ON MELANCHOLY.

**Lethe**: *v.* note on Keats, *To a Nightingale*, 4.

**Proserpine**: wife of Pluto, god of the lower world.

**death-moth**: *i.e.* the Death's Head moth, the only moth or butterfly that utters a cry.

## TO THE WEST WIND.

'This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I fore-saw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

'The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.' [Shelley.]

## TO LIBERTY.

p. 72. In **Spain** the army rose and forced Ferdinand VII. to accept the constitution of 1812. French troops, however, restored despotism in 1823, as Austrian troops did at Naples, which, excited by the secret societies (Carbonari), had demanded and obtained from Ferdinand IV. a similar constitution to the Spanish.

p. 75. **saintly Camillus**: Camillus was banished from Rome, but was elected dictator by the people in his absence, when that city was besieged by Brennus and the Gauls: thereupon he forgave the people, returned, and saved Rome.

**firm Atilius** (Regulus) was captured by the Carthaginians and was sent by them to Rome to negotiate an exchange of prisoners; thinking such an exchange disadvantageous to Rome he dissuaded the senate from it and, proof against the entreaties of his friends, returned to Carthage to his death. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. v. 13.

**Palatinus**: one of the seven hills of Rome, and the residence of the Emperor Augustus and his successors.

**Echoes of Ionian song**: *i.e.* imitation of Greek poetry by the Roman poets of the early empire.

p. 76. **the Galilean serpent**: Christianity.

**warrior-peopled citadel**: alluding to the rise of republics in Italy.

**Luther's leaden lance**: possibly refers to Luther's conduct in the peasant's struggles against the cruelty of the feudal aristocracy; he spoke for them at first in his address to their lords, and ended by writing a pamphlet exhorting the nobles to put them down with a severe hand.

p. 78. **Pithecura**: the modern Ischia. **Pelorus**: now called C. Faro.

**appeal to the eternal years**...: Mr. Buxton Forman's interpretation of these lines is that the two nations, England and Spain, are to rise and appeal to the future of republican America to impress on them,

as from a seal, all that had been and should be thought and done by republicanism in America.

**Arminius**: the German chieftain who annihilated Varus and his three legions, 9 A.D.

p. 79. **The axes and the rods**: the Roman symbols of authority.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington died in 1852 at Walmer Castle; he lay in state at the Chelsea Royal Military Hospital for three days.

p. 81. **Warriors carry the warrior's pall**: four generals and four lieutenant-generals acted as pall-bearers.

**chief state-oracle**: Wellington's political life was on the whole unsuccessful; but his plain common-sense and sturdy honesty were recognized by all. In him the Queen deplored 'a firm supporter of her throne; a faithful, wise, and devoted counsellor; and a valued and honoured friend.'

p. 82. **Bright let it be**: the names of Wellington's victories are inscribed in gold on his car, which is made of the metal of the guns he captured from the French.

**the sorrowing anthem**: the music at St. Paul's included the 'Nunc Dimittis' of Beethoven; a Dirge by Mr. Goss, the organist; the 'Dead March' in Saul; an anthem from Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul'; and other music by Croft and Purcell. When the service was ended, the Tower guns began to boom.

p. 83. **in dispraise**: in 1830 Wellington was hooted in the streets on account of his opposition to Parliamentary reform, and Apsley House was stoned by the mob.

**Nor ever lost an English gun**: 'He did, however, lose two guns at Maya in 1813, "the only guns that have ever been lost by troops acting under my command." (Despatches.) He captured about 3000.' [Rowe and Webb.]

p. 84. **Duty's iron crown**: Napoleon had been crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy in 1805 at Milan.

p. 85. **Confused by brainless mobs**: alluding to recent revolutions in France and other countries.

**slothful overtrust**: 'In February 1852, the bill for the organization of the militia, which was prompted by fears of Napoleon III., was rejected by the Commons. Tennyson felt strongly on this point; witness his three stirring lyrics published in the *Examiner* early in the same year. These were "Britons, guard your own," "Third of February, 1852," "Hands all round." [Rowe and Webb.]

p. 86. **the brave of other lands**: seven foreign armies were represented at the funeral; those of Brunswick, Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, The Netherlands, and Hanover.

**Lavish Honour:** Wellington's titles read above his coffin by the Garter Principal at Arms occupy 37 lines in the *Annual Register* of 1852.

**affluent Fortune:** after Talavera, 1809, Wellington was granted £2000 a year for three years : in 1812, after Ciudad Rodrigo, a further pension of £2000 a year ; in 1813 he received £7000 a year as Field Marshal, in addition to the £5000 a year he was receiving as Commander in the Field ; in 1814 a gift of £500,000 was bestowed, and in 1815 another of £200,000. The goddess Fortune was generally represented with a cornucopia or horn of plenty.



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